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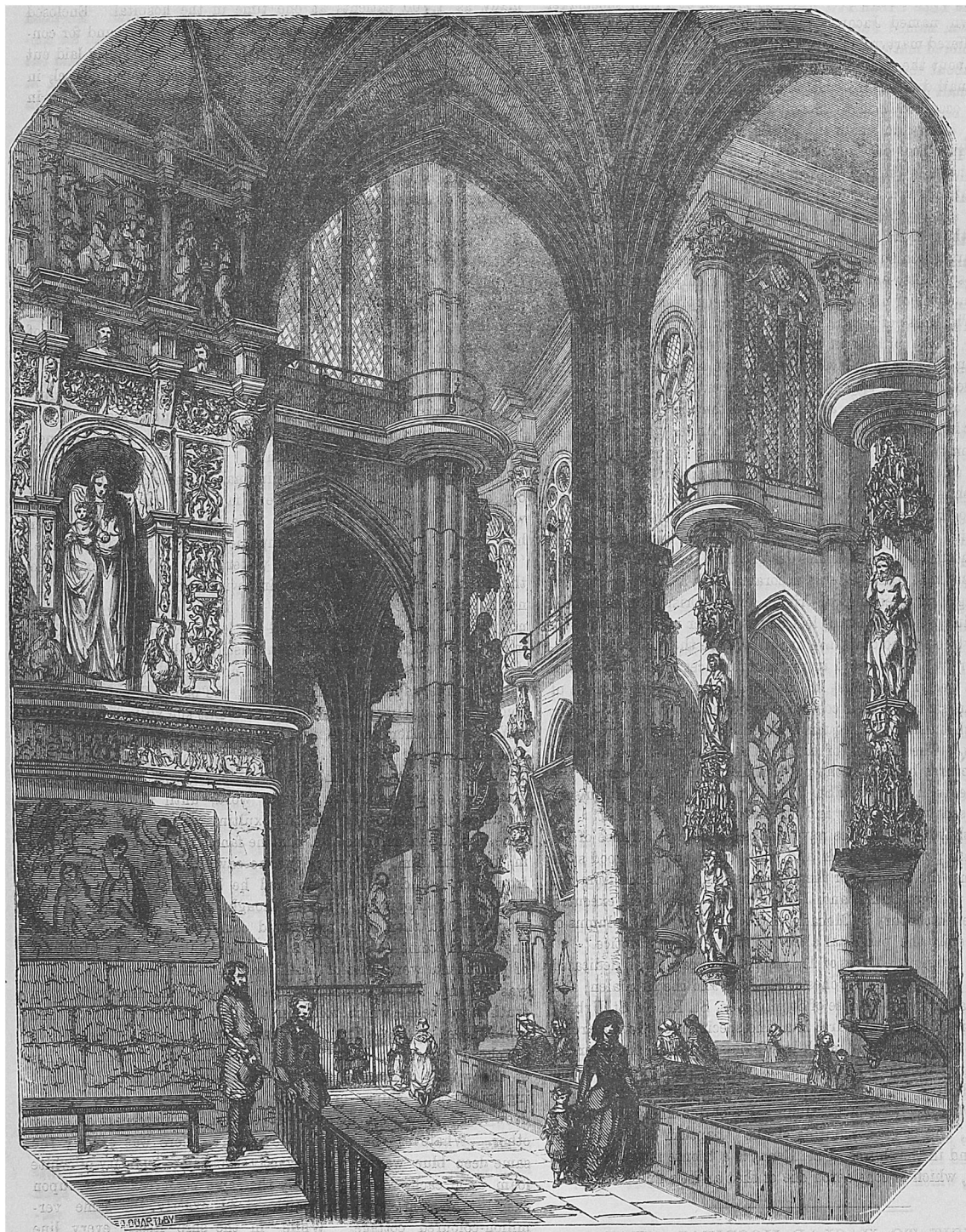
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CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.

## THE CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.

THIS church, which stands in the western part of the town of Troyes, in the department of the Aube, was consecrated to St. Pantaléon, in honour of Pope Urban IV., who was the son of a poor shoemaker in this town, named Jacques Pantaléon. St. Pantaléon, we may remark, suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia, in the reign of the emperor Galerius, about the year 305. The church dedicated to him is an edifice of small dimensions, constructed in the Renaissance style, on the ground occupied in more ancient times by an oratory. A Latin inscription, fitted into one of the pillars, records that it was erected in 1527. The front gateway, however, is of no more ancient date than the middle of the eighteenth century.

St. Pantaléon's is a succursal church—what in England is called a chapel of ease. The walls of the nave and the chapels are ornamented with a great number of sculptures and paintings. The twelve pillars which sustain the arches are ornamented with statues of the saints, twenty-one in number, under richly-carved canopies. The countenances of all the figures have an expression of pleasing *naïveté*. The cause of there being an odd number of these statues, while that of the pillars, in front of which they are placed in two rows, is even, is, that the place of one of them is filled by the pulpit, as will be seen by the engraving. The execution of these statues is generally attributed to an artist named François Gentil, who also sculptured the group of St. Joachim and St. Anne, which is seen in the chapel on the right of the altar. The first chapel on the right of the nave, called Calvary, contains several groups in the same style, among which may be distinguished: a figure of the Virgin, called the Mother of Pity, which is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gentil; Pilate showing Christ to the Jews, and the Virgin supported by the Magdalen and St. John, sometimes described as the "Three Marys." The altar-screen of the chapel is decorated with a group of figures, three feet high, representing St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, occupied, the former in cutting a piece of leather, the latter in sewing the sole of a shoe, while two soldiers are about to seize them. Calm resignation is admirably expressed in the countenances of the two saints, and forms a striking contrast, to the fierce joy depicted in those of the barbarous soldiers. The costumes are those of the reign of Henry II., an anachronism very frequently committed by the artists of the middle ages. The arcades of the nave and the choir are adorned with six pictures by Carré, the pupil of Le Brun, representing the principal events in the life of St. Pantaléon; and two by Herluison, which represent the Nativity and the Entombment of Christ.

All the churches of Troyes have painted windows. Those of St. Pantaléon are painted in black and white only, but in a good style of decoration: the subjects of these compositions are taken from the lives of the prophet Daniel and Jesus Christ. They were executed in the sixteenth century by Macadie and Lutereau. The columns of the screen before the principal altar are also worthy of notice.

The other religious edifices of Troyes are: the cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter; the parish churches of St. John and the Magdalen; and four succursal churches—those of St. Nicholas, St. Renny, St. Urban, and St. Nizier. The cathedral is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, but the exterior is much less handsome than the interior, the pavement of the choir and the beautifully painted windows being generally admired. The same remark will apply to the other churches of Troyes; that of St. John has a shrine finely sculptured by Girardon, and a good painting of the "Baptism of Christ," by Mignard; and in the church of St. Renny is a bronze figure of Christ by Girardon, which is considered one of that artist's finest works.

## A VISIT TO HASLAR HOSPITAL, NEAR PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

WE paid a visit, not long since, to Haslar Hospital. This fine building, which is situated upon the Gosport side of Portsmouth Harbour, near Blockhouse Fort, was first projected in the year 1742, and was sixteen years in completing. It is devoted to the reception of invalid and wounded seamen and marines, and the officers of each service, with a separate space set apart for lunatic patients. The building stands four stories high, and consists of a main body 576 feet long, and two wings 533 feet each. It contains

114 roomy wards, each capable of accommodating twenty patients; and we were informed that, in the time of war, there have been as many as 1,700 patients at one time in the hospital. Enclosed within the walls of the establishment is an airing-ground for convalescent patients, measuring thirty-three acres, pleasantly laid out with walks, grass-plots, flower-beds, etc., and a small chapel, in which divine service is performed by a clergyman, who resides in the hospital.

By the courtesy of a gentleman connected with the establishment we were conducted over some of the lunatic wards. A painful sight—but, withal, interesting and instructive. It was a sight, too, not unaccompanied with a sort of melancholy pleasure, to witness how much care and kindness had done to recompense these poor creatures for their heavy loss—the heaviest, perhaps, of all—the loss of reason. All seemed happy. Groups of old weather-beaten sailors were everywhere to be seen recounting past scenes of perils on the deep, which in all probability had never been encountered, save in the visions of "the heat-oppressed brain" of the narrator. Here was a man who had formerly been a "boat-swain." He was still indulged by being allowed to carry his official whistle, and shrilly did he "pipe all hands a-hoy!" doubtless imagining himself still upon the deck, far out at sea.

One man approached us, in whose calm, pensive face, browned though it was with tropical sunshine, there seemed something so peaceful that we could not think him mad. Laying his hand upon our arm, he looked eagerly into our face, and said in a hurried whisper: "You have seen her?" We knew not what to answer him; but the friend who accompanied us came to the rescue. "Yes," he replied, "we saw her yesterday." "Well," exclaimed the lunatic, his eyes fairly flaming with excitement, "has she not written?" Our friend shook his head. "No, no; she dare not write—she knows they stop all her letters," was the rejoinder, in a sad desponding tone. Then hastily looking up again, and darting his eyes around (we can find no other word to express the lightning-like rapidity of the motion), the poor fellow lowered his voice to a scarcely audible whisper: "But she will come to me?" "Yes." Another change from anxiety to ecstasy. "Yes," she will—I knew it! When?" "To-morrow," said our friend. "To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow!" he cried, with increased vehemence at every repetition of the word, until at last he fairly screamed "to-morrow!" and ran exultingly away. When he had gone, our friend informed us, that he fancied some great lady was in love with him, and every one he saw, he thought a messenger from her. And so for years had he been alternating between despair and happiness, when he thought first of her letters being stopped—and then, that she would come—and every day he felt she would come—"to-morrow." Poor fellow! the falsehoods of our friend were blissful truths to him. He knew that "she" was coming, and was happy. How cruel would the cold, stern truth have been, which told him "she" had no existence, and could never come. Truly, in cases such as this, there is a falsehood better far than truth. We went on through another of the wards, where we found a man sitting at a table, drawing pictures of ships—or, rather, of a ship—for every one he drew—and they were many—was the exact counterpart of every other. Whatever the size of the picture, there was exactly the same deep blue waves, with exactly the same quantity of white foam upon each, washing exactly the same pea-green coast, upon exactly the same spot on which stood exactly the same vermilion-coloured cottage. While, in the ship itself, every line of the complicated rigging was identically the same in every picture. And all these lines (so strongly was his one ship impressed upon the artist's brain) were perfectly correct. Not a rope in the whole ship was wrongly placed, nor was there one omitted; but all were carried out to such minute detail, that were it required to give a diagram illustrative of the uses of the various ropes on board a ship, perhaps no better one could possibly be had than this poor madman's drawing. At the same time, all the rest of the picture was as unlike anything on earth as it is possible to conceive. The bright-red cottage stood at an angle of